

JOSHUA, ISRAEL'S NEW LEADER

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 6, 1907
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Joshua, 1: 1-11. Memory verse, 1.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."—Joshua 1: 5.

TIME.—The last of March or early in April (Josh. 4: 19 compared with Josh. 1: 10). B. C. 1551 according to our Bible margins. Many scholars place it two centuries earlier. It was directly after the Exodus.

PLACE.—The plain of the Jordan on the east side, at the foot of the Moabite mountains, opposite Jericho.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

Joshua, the New Leader.—His Name, originally Hoshea, the same as the prophet Hosea, signifying "salvation" or "help." To this was added afterwards (Num. 13: 16) "Je" for Jehorah, and the name became Jehoshua, "Jehovah is salvation," shortened to Joshua, later modified in Neh. 8: 17 to Jeshua, from which came its Greek form in the Septuagint, Jesus, Jesus, of whom Joshua was in some respects a type.

His Ancestry.—He was an Ephraimite, a descendant of Joseph, through Ephraim, and according to 1 Chron. 7: 22-27 he was the eleventh generation from Joseph. His father's name was Nun, and his grandfather, Elishama, was a captain of the army of the Ephraimites, 40,500 in number, at the organization of the Israelites soon after the exodus (Num. 2: 18, etc., compared with 1 Chron. 7: 27).

His Birthplace.—He must have been born in Goshen in Egypt, where his parents were in slavery.

We would know all of life if we completely understood any one life. It is well to read what we can in Joshua's Book of Life.

1. Matheson calls his life prosaic, commonplace, that of an assistant to Moses. Of the three classes of men—those "in advance of their time, the men up to their time, and the men following their time"—Joshua was one of the last type, "without originality, obeying orders; his deeds only breathe through him, not from him." Thus the blind preacher makes Joshua a comfort and strength and hope to the vast majority of men.

This may be true of the earlier portions of his life up to the time of this lesson. But now he comes to the reward of his faithfulness as one who obeys orders. By obeying he has learned to command. By faithfulness in little things he is able to do great things. This is the only ladder that may be climbed to the best. The one who would be an orator is told to learn the great orations by heart. The one who would be a painter studies and copies the great artists. When the time came he was able to enter the door to his great life-work.

2. A well-known scholar, says the Temple Bible, "considers the finest religious conception in the book the appearance to Joshua of the angelic 'Captain of the Lord's host' (Josh. 5: 13-15). It is a noble illustration of the truth that in the great causes of God upon the earth, the leaders, however, supreme they seem, are themselves led." Joshua was great because he was under divine guidance, taught by divine wisdom, and therefore, humble and strong.

3. He was a man of great courage, both physical and moral, as he had shown in the battle with Amalek, and still more in action, in spying out the land and in almost alone resisting the clamors of the people.

4. He was a man of faith.

5. He was deeply and intensely religious, through and through.

6. He came to have fine qualities as a general—keen observation, power to control, wise leadership, celerity of movement, skilful, strategy, boldness of attack.

Ebers, in his romance "Joshua," makes him, not without some probability, a captain prior to the Exodus, in the Egyptian army, well accustomed to campaigning.

The Difficulties in the Way.—These were very great indeed.

1. The Jordan was at its flood (Josh. 3: 15), absolutely impassable for an army, much less for the whole people of Israel. This made them safe from attack, but also prevented them from taking possession.

2. The people of the land dwelt in walled cities against which the Israelites had no sufficient weapons.

These obstacles rose like an impassable barrier of mountains before the people. "Impossible to overcome" was written all over them. It was like the task which Jesus set before his disciples when he was about to be crucified—twelve unlearned, unarmed, poor men to conquer the Roman empire, when one breath of Caesar could sweep them from the earth; to overcome the wealth, the worldliness, the selfishness, the sin, and crime of the world. Lebanon was but a molehill to this mountain of difficulty. The people were dismayed, disheartened, hopeless almost to despair.

Practical Points.

The path of duty is like a direct road to success, and moving from it in either direction leads to disaster and defeat. "Note the terms righteousness, rectitude, uprightness and, in matters of opinion, orthodox, while the word 'wrong' is etymologically akin to 'wrung,' twisted."—D. Steele.

"Character is the only thing that counts. Though you had the front of Jove himself, an eye like Mars, and had not character, some homely, puny-looking dwarf, who has what you lack, may rise up at any moment and upset you."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Every doctrine must prove itself by doing.

Conscience is a good cure for undue conceit.

He is lifted in blessing who lifts another's burden.

Only a fool takes experience for a road instead of a guide.

Few things choke sympathy quicker than cherished sorrows.

The surest way to impoverish the heart is to set it on riches.

The striking sermon is the one that hits the other sinner hard.

Only those who are not afraid of being poor really become rich.

The man with a hot head even up on temperature at the other end.

People who have sympathy for humanity are not sighing for heaven.

All the treasure houses of truth open to the master key of sincerity.

You never will make much headway going at things with the head alone.

The Lord not only loves a cheerful giver; he loves a giver of good cheer.

This world only becomes beautiful as we tackle its unpleasant problems.

If you cannot find God in folks on the street you will not find him on the golden streets.—Chicago Tribune.

FEMININE SNAP SHOTS.

A duck of a girl can make a goose out of any man.

A brother is a home made mirror that never flatters.

A kiss by any other name wouldn't rhyme with—bliss.

A girl with a dimple somehow looks incapable of deception.

The world is the shop where we get our manners manicured.

Instead of lecturing your husband, Mrs. Straitlance, try loving him.

Popularity is largely a matter of getting the right press agent.

Alas and alas! but the pinks of propriety too often get bunched with the wall flowers.

The girl who smokes cigarettes isn't the one who figures in a bachelor's pipe dreams—if he knows it.

The lamp of learning can't light up a cottage like the candle of contentment.

BITS OF WISDOM.

A wise woman is never passe. She crosses the bridge, spanning youth and age with firm step and smiling lips.

Cupid is a little fellow, but he is capable of casting a tremendous shadow.

A beautiful woman delights the eye; a wise woman the understanding; a pure one the soul.

In the great game men lose their heads; women their hearts; the first are only hurt temporarily.

Leave a little unsaid, a little to be explored in your mental attitude toward men if you would be accounted interesting.

Beauty is talismanic. To prove it send a lantern-faced "new-woman" and a professional beauty upon a begging expedition among the club men.

SAYINGS OF A SOURD SAGE.

You lose time finding fault.

A jest is sometimes the coat-tails of Truth.

The "average" man is always paid that way.

Some men are too lazy to even make enemies.

Charity begins at the benefit performance and ends at the box office receipts.

Love should be like the bee that steals sweets from the flower, yet never injures it.

A philosopher is a man who is able to size himself up correctly and not get discouraged at the result.—Peter Pry Shevlin, in Judge.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

First—Rock Age. The Infant.

Second Age—Copper Age. The Kid.

Third—Brass Age. The Adolescent Period.

Fourth—Iron Age. Sad and Flat for the wife.

Fifth—Steel or Steel age. The Trust Director.

Sixth—Silver Age. Small Change.

Seventh—Golden Age. Death always precedes it.—The Bohemian.

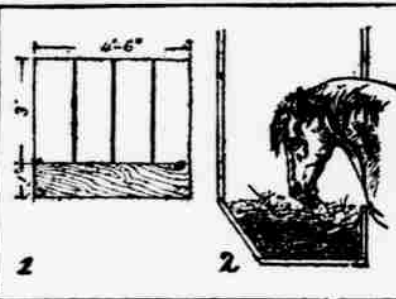


WASTE AND WANT.

Easy for Farmer to Lose Much Feed by Poor Feed Box.

Recently I was at the home of a friend who, although a hard-working, and in many respects a good farmer, does not seem to be getting rich very fast. We were at the barn, and I went in the stables. He has those old-fashioned V-shaped mangers, open at the top, and the horses had pulled their hay out, scattered it all over the stalls and tramped it into the manure. At the present excessively high prices for feed of all kinds it would not take them long at the rate they were going to waste a good many dollars, says a writer in Farm and Home. If I were losing hay like that I don't believe I could sleep nights.

It suggested the folly of feeding roughness of any kind so that stock can pull it down and waste it. The open manger is an abomination. The old-time rack is no better. With either the stock are free to waste as much as they feel like, and there are some horses and cattle which seem to take a joy in pulling or throwing out their feed. The best feeding contrivance for hay that I have ever seen was made as shown in the illustrations. There is never any waste here. The greatest objection I had to it was that in feeding corn



A Good Manger.

the stalks would pile up and have to be carried out.

The other thing suggested was the folly of a man's working hard and saving and scrimping generally while he allows a few extravagances and carelessness to rob him of a large part of the fruits of his labors. Three or four hours' work and a few feet of lumber would have fixed those mangers so the horses could not waste their hay, and the whole cost of the job would have been paid back in two or three weeks. Most of us have some cherished folly like this which we cling to, and which, perhaps, we are so used to that we are unconscious of it. If a man works faithfully he should get ahead in the world, not very rapidly, perhaps, but perceptibly. If he does not, it may be the fault of circumstances, but more often it is his own.

APPLES AS HOG FOOD.

Windfalls Can Be Profitably Harvested by the Pigs.

I have had considerable experience in feeding windfalls from the apple orchard to hogs, writes a farmer in Farm and Home. I allow my hogs to run in the orchard until the apples begin to drop heavily, if this ever occurs. Then when I begin to pick up waste fruit for cider, drying, or apple butter, I feed to the hogs the parings and all the fruit that I cannot use. The fattening qualities of apples seem to be quite high, for my animals thrive and do well.

In addition to consuming waste fruit and a great many injurious insects, the hogs root over the ground and keep it well stirred. This is very beneficial to trees and is about the only method of cultivation I practice. When waste apples are not equally available the hogs are in good condition for finishing on corn, oats, peas or buckwheat meal. Because of their thrifty condition induced by this succulent feed, they put on fat very rapidly, and are ready for butchering at almost any time.

BLEATS AND SQUEALS.

A fat hog is not always healthy. A supply of roots is necessary to success with sheep.

The motto of the shepherd should be dip, dip, dip.

Swine at all ages approach more nearly to a cash product than any other stock on the farm.

Take a small bucket of tar and smear the sheep's noses occasionally. This will discourage the gadfly.

Sow flat turnips now. Part of the crop can be fed on the ground, and will be a great help when the grass is frost-bitten.

Watch the flock carefully and see that no wounds get flyblown.

If any such wounds are found, apply kerosene or turpentine. See that every maggot is destroyed, and then apply tar.

Have some way of marking your sheep. Many neighbors have been made enemies for life by their sheep getting mixed in the pasture.—Farm Journal.

Oil Reliably.

While we are waiting for the adaptation of the automobile to farm work, old Bill and Jerry can be depended on to pull the plow and barrow. The best of it is the manure that Bill and Jerry make is good for the land, while the refuse from an automobile will not benefit anything.

AIDS TO THE PERPLEXED.

Mme. Merri's Useful Information for Her Correspondents.

The Birth Stones.

Will Madame Merri kindly state the stone for each month and greatly oblige an interested reader of this column.

This list has been printed several times but is given once again. Will all readers please cut it out and preserve for future reference. The birth stones are: January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, moss agate; July, ruby; August, sardonyx; September, sapphire; October, opal; November, topaz; December, turquoise.

Again the "Kaffee Klatch."

I am at my summer cottage and would like to entertain some of the neighboring people at an informal porch party. I have heard of a "Kaffee Klatch;" is tea served or cold meats? Please state what to do.

BARBARA.

A "Kaffee Klatch" means literally "coffee and chatter" and is a favorite afternoon entertainment in Germany. All that is necessary to serve is coffee—first, second and third—with small "kuchen" or cakes. No meats are provided or anything hearty. Coffee cakes of all varieties, many of them topped with sliced (cooked) apples, fruits, nuts and whipped cream are used.

For a Scotch Entertainment.

Please give a few suggestions for an "Evening in Scotland;" I mean some characters that might be represented, also book titles.

HEATHER BELL.

"The Heart of Midlothian," "Annie Laurie," "Rob Roy," "Scottish Chiefs," "The Monastery," "A Highland Laddie," "Ivanhoe" (carry a small hoe). If you go to the library, doubtless many others will be suggested.

At a Home Wedding.

Will Madame Merri please state how to serve a few guests at a home wedding. The dining room is small. Should the wife's name be used on the envelope of announcement card when only the husband is known? The correct form will be appreciated by

JANE.

After the ceremony ask the guests to the dining room, seat them around, placing chairs close together along the wall or in some other convenient arrangement. Have the table prettily decorated. Pass plates with salad, sandwiches, olives and salted nuts on and then trays of coffee. Remove those plates and finish with ice cream and the wedding cake. Certainly have Mr. and Mrs. Blank on the announcement cards. It is the only courteous and proper way to do.

Requirements for a Nurse.

Dear Madame Merri:—I am very anxious to become a nurse. Would you mind helping me a little? Must one fill out applications before entering a hospital? If so, where can they be obtained? What age is required before entrance to a hospital is allowed? Is a high school education required of a girl who enters a hospital? How many years must one spend in a hospital before graduating? Is a salary paid from the very beginning, and if so, what is the amount, please? If you will kindly answer all these questions you will greatly oblige.

GENEVIEVE.

In reply to this letter Madame Merri wishes to state that all these questions have been answered for her by one of the largest hospitals in the city of Chicago. About the same rules hold good in most institutions.

Application must be made and the blanks are obtained from the superintendent of the hospital. Eighteen years is the age required and a high school course is required and in most instances the applicant must be a graduate. The course is three years and after two months' probation a salary of four dollars a month is paid to cover cost of uniform and books.

MADAME MERRI.

Summer Millinery.

Midsummer is apt to develop all sorts of sudden and unexpected fads, and just now two widely different ones seem to have taken possession of the world of hats. Those that are all white without a touch of color are being much exploited. They are unquestionably delightfully cool and summerlike in effect. There is what might almost be termed a mania for the use of violet, in all its shades, to be worn either with entire white costumes or to be worn with coats of matching color.

Colored Embroidery.

Colored embroidery is surely coming in, and if one wants to be in the lead, and have something decidedly new, she will have at least one embroidered blouse or gown with the design carried out in color.

The effect is very beautiful if the proper shades are selected and the designs not too elaborate.

The pastel shades of blue and the bronze shades of brown are especially adapted to this sort of decoration.

Silk Color.

Salt will do a great deal toward preserving the color in silk that is to be washed. Soak for a time in cold water, to which has been added a pinch of salt, and there will be very little danger of the color running.

SELECTING A NAME FOR THE NEW HOUSE

We were all standing in the roadway, looking up at the house. Just my wife, myself, the builder, the foreman, and a small nephew of the architect, who had come down with a message. The house was the ordinary red house with white woodwork and wrought-iron rods to hold the portico up—such as now built in about a fortnight on a valuable freehold plot in a rising neighborhood near London. The garden was full of buttercups and mortars.

"Well," said the builder with a voice in which pride and power were equally blended, "not much more to be done now. All you want is a charwoman for a couple of days, and you can have the pianola going and a hot bath."

"Piano," said my wife, who dislikes new inventions and has had good teachers.

"Or the piano," said the dealer, not at all discouraged.

"But what about the name?" the foreman asked.

By some extraordinary chance we had forgotten the name, and in this case a name was imperative, because the house is in one of those roads in which the houses are only half built, and the cows are grazing to-day where a house may be to-morrow or the day after. Numbering such roads is impossible.

My wife looked at me and I looked at my wife.

"What about Bellevue?" said the foreman.

"A very good name," said the builder.

"Our house," said the architect's nephew, "is called Hollidene."

"Not a bad name either," said the builder.

"I like Bellevue," said the foreman.

"The only thing against Bellevue," I said, "is that there is one in the next road."

The foreman admitted that this was a drawback.

"The houses on each side of us," said the architect's nephew, "are La Residenza and Rondebosch."

"I don't care for those," said the foreman.

"Opposite," said the architect's nephew, "is Heatherside."

"May I ask where you live?" my wife asked him, sweetly enough—to him, but to me, who know her tones better, dangerously.

"At Turham Green," he said. "There are fine houses there."

"Isn't there a Sea View?" my wife went on.

"I don't remember," said the architect's nephew, "but I'm sure there must be."

"That's not so good as Bellevue," said the foreman, "but it's not bad—Sea View."

"How would Brickfield View do?" my wife asked, sweetly still.

"Those brickfields, ma'am," said the builder, "will all be beautiful houses and gardens in a few months' time, and then what would be the sense of your name? I don't think Brickfield View is good at all."

I avoided my wife's eyes.

"Mother's sister," said the architect's nephew, "lives at the Rowans."

This gave the builder an idea. "What tree is that?" he asked, pointing to the only shrub on the estate.

I told him chestnut.

"Then why not call it the Chestnuts?" he suggested.

I told him that in view of my calling, which is humorous literature (more or less), it would be impossible.

He did not understand.

I explained a little more.

"Oh," he said, "you mean your jokes aren't new. But that's all right. People will like them all the more."

The architect's nephew said that a friend of his lived in a house called San Souci.

The foreman said that he had been working at some alterations a little while ago—a new room for a nursery, as a matter of fact—at a house in Acacia avenue, for as nice and liberal a gentleman and lady as he ever met, and this house was called the Nest.

After Bellevue he said he thought the Nest as pretty as anything could be.

The builder agreed; but he added that Nests weren't for everybody. There were couples suited to Nests and couples that the name wouldn't suit at all. Nothing could have been clearer from his tone than that he thought my wife and I were the last people to come under the designation of Nesters.

The architect's nephew said that there was a house at Bedford park called Chatsworth.

"May I ask," the builder said, with a smile that was meant to be arch and winning, but was only repulsive, "where the lady and gentleman passed their honeymoon? Sometimes that helps."

"At Bath," I said.

It seemed to depress him and it depressed even more the foreman, whose ears were twitching for Bellagio.

"My father and mother," said the architect's nephew, "went to Ilkley."

Eventually, after much thought and useless advice, we called the house in a piteous attempt to be original, the Green Door, but I had the greatest difficulty in inducing the painter to inscribe such a name.

Since then we have heard of five houses called the Green Door.

RARE OLD VOLUME

UNIQUE COPY OF THE KORAN OWNED IN KANSAS CITY.

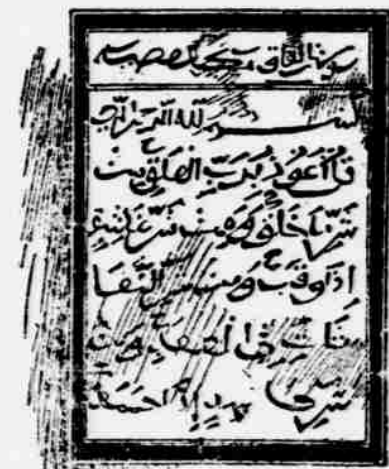
All Hand Work and Must Represent Labor of Many Years—Proof That Moro Art Was Once of High Grade.

A rare old book is owned by Frederick C. Butler of 1224 Harrison street, says the Kansas City Star. He found it in a deserted bamboo house in Sulu island while he was with the Fourteenth United States cavalry in the Philippines in 1903. It had been owned by a Moro Mohammedan priest.

The book is a copy of the Koran and is made wholly by hand. Even the paper is hand made. The binding is of thick, stiff caribou hide. Each folio is sewed with cord made from help fibers and is of an even size, showing cleverness and skill in spinning. In one place there is a little piece of smooth bamboo twisted in the cord to bring it tight when slackened from use. As for age, that cannot be denied by anyone on seeing the pages. The leaves at the beginning and end are frayed and worn and the paper throughout is yellow with age.

The most wonderful thing about the book is that every character, it being written in Arabic, was made with a stub pen or flat reed. Each page is covered on both sides with closely written characters that appear to be printed when viewed from a little distance. Around the writing is a margin of an inch or so and in this margin are single characters, display letters or characters, and sprays of tiny flowers done in color. Dispersed through the writing at irregular intervals are little circles drawn with a compass, the center picture of the needle being plain in a majority of the circles. The circles are filled with different colors and are appropriately punctuated marks.

Two pages in particular always excite wonder and admiration. They alone, of all others, show the height that Moro art had reached at the time the book was made. These pages were executed with a pen or reed as the others were, except that the writer brought a brush and gold leaf into play. The marginal design departs radically from the rest of the book and the writer made a design distinctly oriental. It looks like the border of a Bokara or Damascus rug. It is almost impossible to describe the



The Hand Illuminated Koran.

many little painstaking curves and curlynecks that he put in these two pages, the color of which is still bright and clear notwithstanding the age of it.

When the book was found it was taken to Hadji Rano, prime minister of the sultan of Sulu, and he said of it:

"This book is a Koran, written by a Moro in Arabic many years ago. There are nowadays no people in this island can write such a book. I myself can write it; it would take me about three months. I know the Koran by heart and could write out of my memory, although it is Arabic. It must have taken that writer more than a year to finish the work. We Moros don't have a Koran in the Moro language. We read it in Arabic and the priests